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our fathers is literally our wisdom. It was this which gave Fontenelle, in his good-humored and spirited essay upon this subject, occasion to say, that, as we stood upon the shoulders of the ancients, we could take a wider and more comprehensive view of things than they, although we were but pigmies, and they were giants. For he must be strangely blinded by prejudice, who can deny that our philosophy is incomparably superior to that of the ancients, whatever may be thought of their literary merit. We pretend not to settle the controversy on this point, so often agitated and with so little profit; frankly admitting the unfairness of having the question determined by one of the parties, and being deterred also by other obstacles to a just decision of it, which are described by Addison in a posthumous discourse on ancient and modern learning written with his customary ease, delicacy, elegance, and good sense. Confessing, on the one hand, that enduring esteem is the final and most certain evidence of literary merit; and recollecting, on the other, that constitutional malignity of men, which prompts them to lavish on the dead those eulogies which belong only to the praiseworthy; and thus avoiding equally the extremes of humility and of self-admiration; let us modestly strive to excel, by emulating the deserts of the great and good, on whose fame the seal of time has stamped the impress of immortality.

ART. IV.—*The Course of Time, a Poem, in Ten Books.* By ROBERT POLLOK, A. M. Boston. Crocker & Brewster. 12mo. pp. 295.

IN the literary world, the appearance of a poem with a title and dimensions like those of the one before us, is an important event. Expectation is awakened by its first annunciation. We are impatient to learn what new addition has been made to the stores of fancy, and we hasten to the perusal with eager curiosity. Especially is this the case, when the candidate for our suffrages is one, of whom we have never before heard. Then, in addition to the usual incentives, there is a delightful uncertainty as to the result of our examination, which greatly heightens our interest. We are to have an interview with a stran-

ger of lofty, but as yet unacknowledged pretensions. There is a chance that we may admire him, and there is also a chance that he may offend us. But whatever opinion we may form, it is to be our own. There is an opportunity to exercise our individual judgment. The voice of fame has not predisposed us to be charmed. The tribunal of taste has not made up a decision. Of Homer and Virgil, Dante and Tasso, Shakspeare and Milton, we had heard the praises from boyhood. The world had weighed and graduated their merits; and when we opened their works for the first time, it was with the feeling that no choice was left us; that we could not help subscribing to the universal sentiment. What millions and millions had ratified, we might not gainsay. If we failed to be enraptured, we must charge it to ourselves. There certainly were transcendent beauties, and if we did not perceive them, it must be the fault of our own feeble vision. This being the humiliating alternative, there could be little doubt that we should admire. We should feign delight if we did not feel it, and seem to have discrimination if we did not possess it. But not so with respect to new poems like this before us. We opened it with no prepossessions. We had never heard the author's name, until we saw an American edition of his work announced. We have since learned that he was a Scottish clergyman, of obscure birth and a feeble frame; that he wrote this poem while at the university, and never distinguished himself by any other production; and finally that he died prematurely at the age of twenty-eight.

The recollection of these facts should go to soften the severity of criticism, where, under other circumstances, severity would be just. Were the author living, we might reproach him with indiscretion and too much haste to be known. However noble the design, we might reasonably complain of the execution, which might have been greatly improved by retouching and revision. But now that Providence has interposed, it becomes us to be indulgent on this point; and to regard this almost juvenile production, rather as a bright indication of what Pollok would one day have become, had his life been protracted, than as a fair ground for any absolute decision respecting his character and abilities. Viewing it in this light, and judging from the impressions made upon ourselves by more than one perusal, we are induced to believe that a high place will be assigned him among the gifted sons of

song. If, like Chatterton, his life was often clouded and his death premature, so, like that lamented genius, we believe his name will be remembered and pronounced with eulogy. We should feel more diffidence in expressing this opinion, if we did not know that the work has already gone through several editions, both in Great Britain and in this country.

The subject is one of the most comprehensive that man ever chose. The title, though perhaps the most appropriate, is too indefinite to give us any distinct conception of the poet's design. The first lines we happened to read were the last of the poem, in which the bard sums up his narrative; and our immediate conviction may well be supposed to have been, either that the poet possessed an exalted genius, or that he had fallen infinitely below his theme.

‘Thus have I sung beyond thy first request,
Rolling my numbers o’er the track of man,
The world at dawn, at mid-day, and decline;
Time gone, the righteous saved, the wicked damned,
And God’s eternal government approved.’ p. 295.

No other poet has adventured upon a theme so vast. The design of Milton extended only to the fall of man. That of this writer embraces his whole history and final doom. It is, therefore, with the utmost propriety that he invokes Almighty aid, before commencing his daring flight. The following lines terminate his solemn invocation;

‘Hold my right hand, Almighty! and me teach
To strike the lyre, but seldom struck, to notes
Harmonious with the morning stars, and pure
As those of sainted bards, and angels sung,
Which wake the echoes of eternity—
That fools may hear and tremble, and the wise
Instructed listen, of ages yet to come.’

We wish the last two lines had been omitted. They have no congruity with those which precede or with the occasion, and sound too much like preaching. We mention this, because it is one of many instances, in which the poet has greatly injured the effect of an otherwise striking passage, by the introduction of a common phrase or a merely prosaic idea. In this particular, even more perhaps than in any other, the reader perceives his vast inferiority to Milton, with whom it is his special infelicity that his subject continually exposes him to be compared. With an imagination of uncommon resource,

he cannot be said to unite a very delicate perception of poetic beauty, or a nicely discriminating ear for the harmony of verse. In the 'Course of Time' there are single passages of beauty and power not often equalled. But, as we have already intimated, it is not uniformly well sustained. There are moments when the poet's inspiration seems to have forsaken him, and when the full forfeit is paid, of his boldness in the choice of such a theme. But we will not array these instances before the reader, for criticism is in a measure disarmed, as we before remarked, by the consideration that the poet himself might have corrected them, had opportunity been granted him.

The scene is laid in heaven, long after the inhabitants of this planet had received their final doom. The celestial paradise is represented as a vast plain surrounded by a tall range of hills. In the midst, towering to an almost immeasurable height, arises the Mount of God. On its summit, surrounded with ineffable glory, is seated the Eternal. The light which the heavenly inhabitants enjoy, is the radiance which beams from His countenance. But this radiance illuminates only the abodes of the blessed. Beyond the frontier mountains, 'in the vast external space,' are dimly seen, by the fainter light of their own suns, myriads of orbs performing their stupendous circuits with a harmony never disturbed, and which none but the inhabitants of that paradise can bear. On the top of one of these mountains, to which angels and saints resort for pastime, two heavenly youths are seen, intent upon observing those who arrive from the innumerable distant worlds, which throng the cloudless expanse. At length one approaches, whom having greeted with a holy welcome, they offer to usher into the presence of the King of kings. But observing an expression of anxious concern upon his countenance, that kind solicitude which such pure spirits feel even for strangers, prompts them to ask the cause. The whole answer to their inquiry may be taken for a specimen of the author's characteristic power. This emigrant from one of the remote worlds has never heard of earth or man. But during his journey to heaven, strong curiosity impelled him to deviate from his luminous path, and penetrate

'those nameless regions vast,

Where utter Nothing dwells, unformed and void.'

After a long, dark, and laborious flight, he reaches the place assigned for the punishment of earth's sinful inhabitants. Here

the description rises to a character of sublimity, which borders upon the horrible. The fiery adamantine wall, the worm that never dies, eternal death, the incessant dashing of the infernal waves, the loud and ceaseless wailings of the damned, all these are conceived and expressed with a force, which even Dante, drawing from a fancy which was a magazine of horrors, may be thought to have scarcely surpassed. The impression made upon the stranger by these new and terrific objects, and the awful obscurity which veiled their design, were the cause of that melancholy shade which darkened his countenance. The two, with whom he now conversed, were unable to explain the mystery of these torments. But there was one, 'an ancient bard of earth,' to whom the whole history of man was known. To this bard, therefore, they introduce their new companion. The seat of the bard is surrounded with the most enchanting scenery; and we select the description as a proof how far the poet was endowed with a true feeling for natural beauty.

'Fit was the place, most fit for holy musing.
Upon a little mount, that gently rose,
He sat, clothed in white robes; and o'er his head
A laurel tree, of lustiest, eldest growth,
Stately and tall, and shadowing far and wide—
Not fruitless, as on earth, but bloomed, and rich
With frequent clusters, ripe to heavenly taste—
Spread its eternal boughs, and in its arms
A myrtle of unfading leaf embraced;
The rose and lily, fresh with fragrant dew,
And every flower of fairest cheek, around
Him smiling flocked; beneath his feet, fast by,
And round his sacred hill, a streamlet walked,
Warbling the holy melodies of heaven;
The hallowed zephyrs brought him incense sweet;
And out before him opened, in prospect long,
The river of life, in many a winding maze
Descending from the lofty throne of God,
That with excessive glory closed the scene.' p. 24.

In the second Book, this 'ancient bard,' complying with the request of the stranger, commences the history of man, which occupies the remainder of the poem; so that the poet no longer speaks in his own person. This arrangement is intended to give a unity to all that follows. As the narrative is

designed for the information of one who had never heard of the origin or destiny of man, many circumstances are properly introduced, which might otherwise appear trite or unnecessary. And as the narrator is one who had himself shared the passions and frailties of human nature during his earthly existence, upon which he now looks back through an almost infinite lapse of ages, it is natural that his memory should occasionally linger upon particular scenes of individual joy, or woe, or tenderness, the description of which furnishes specimens of genuine pathos. Of this character is the picture of faithful love, in the fifth book ; where a lover, long absent in the service of his country, returns covered with glory, and finds her in whom he had 'garnered up his heart,' retired to a solitary spot whither they had been accustomed to resort, and pouring out her soul in fervent prayer for him. Another instance is that of the dying mother in the same book. This moving description closes with a simile of singular beauty. Speaking of the eyes of the dying mother, brightening to the last and then closing in death, the poet says,

'They set as sets the morning star, which goes
Not down behind the darkened west, nor hides
Obscured among the tempests of the sky,
But melts away into the light of heaven.' p. 140.

In this connexion, we are unwilling to pass over the following gorgeous description, in the same book, of the grandeur of nature, as displayed in her vast solitudes.

'Pleasant were many scenes, but most to me
The solitude of vast extent, untouched
By hand of art, where nature sowed, herself,
And reaped her crops ;—whose garments were the clouds ;
Whose minstrels, brooks ; whose lamps, the moon and stars ;
Whose organ-quire, the voice of many waters ;
Whose banquets, morning dews ; whose heroes, storms ;
Whose warriors, mighty winds ; whose lovers, flowers ;
Whose orators, the thunderbolts of God ;
Whose palaces, the everlasting hills ;
Whose ceiling, heaven's unfathomable blue.' p. 128.

In what we have just said, we have departed from our immediate purpose, which was to present a general view of the conduct of the poem. The bard begins with an account of our first parents in their state of innocence, and then describes their fall and its consequences. This leads him to dwell at

some length upon leading doctrines of theology, especially upon original sin, native depravity, and atonement. The metaphysical and controversial character of the second book, prevents it from possessing so general an interest as most of the others. Yet there are detached passages, the power of which all must feel. One of these is in praise of the Bible ; a theme, which it is high honor to have made an approach towards treating well, since to do it justice the strongest language must needs be found inadequate. That which is inferior may be elevated by being compared with that which is superior, and hence bold imagery may dignify what is in itself humble. But that which is of all things most excellent and precious, may lose, and certainly can never gain, by being compared with any other thing. There are objects which impress us most forcibly, when set before us in their simple, unadorned majesty ; and when the poet endeavors to heighten their effect by lofty phraseology and rhetorical embellishment, he is in danger of making every addition a burden instead of a support to the idea. It is as if the proud titles that do honor to men, should be applied to that Being, whose shortest name expresses more than man can comprehend. We accordingly believe that the sublime truths of revelation, as well as the volume which contains them, are never to be approached by the poet, but with fear and trembling. All he can hope to do is to rise up to them, never to go beyond them or lift them up with him. They stand, by their own nature, at the farthest limit in the range of human thought ; and he who would sing them worthily, requires that his lips should be touched by a living coal from the altar. With regard to the peculiar doctrines and tenets wrought into this poem, we consider them as having no connexion with its merits. Whether the reader embrace them or not, he must respect the sincere and deep convictions of the poet, and unite with him in his supreme abhorrence of sin, and his fervent love of virtue and truth.

The almost boundless compass intended to be embraced in the ' *Course of Time*,' made it necessary for the poet to touch but slightly upon the Creation and Fall, the two great topics upon which Milton concentrated the whole force of his genius. In this respect Pollock has imitated the solemn brevity of the sacred historian, never substituting the light of his own invention, where the silence of Moses has left us in darkness. Perhaps he may have thought that the subject was too awful

for fiction ; for it is to be observed, that in all cases where he describes as past what is yet to come, he fixes a most rigid curb upon his fancy, and ventures no further than the prophetic intimations of Scripture seem to him to warrant. To this remark, the whole poem does not furnish an exception ; and we regard this folding up of the wings of invention, where flight would have been so hazardous, as an exercise of the soundest discretion. Milton, we know, is generally thought to have farthest exceeded all other poets in the power and grasp of imagination, when he dared to supply from his own invention, the momentous ellipses found in our world's first history. Nor do we dissent from this opinion. Still we may be permitted to regret one evil consequence that has followed from these interpolations, sublime as they unquestionably are. We sincerely believe that a majority of the readers of Milton make no distinction between what he has himself invented and what he has taken from the Oracles of truth ; and that if called upon to state what they know respecting the Creation and the Fall, they would unconsciously state more upon the authority of Milton than of Moses ; so indelible are the impressions left upon the mind by that inimitable work.

Having summarily described the origin and destiny of man, the bard proceeds to notice the great outlines of the human character. This is a difficult undertaking, since it requires an almost boundless exercise of the powers of generalization and abstraction. To paint, with distinctness and truth, the character of a single people in a single age, demands a combination of talents and acquirements, possessed only by one in many millions. What then shall we say of the attempt to bring together, into one contracted portraiture, the traits of all mankind in every age ? Pollock has made this attempt. His plan not only permitted but required him to do it ; and the picture is one, we were going to say, of mingled light and shade. But the dark tints are so many and so deep, compared with the light ones, that the whole may be likened to one blot. Satan, in the conception of Milton, though fallen, had still some noble qualities ; he was the ' Sun shorn of his beams.' But man, in the conception of Pollok, scarcely possesses one bright excellence. ' The trail of the Serpent ' covers all. Depravity cleaves to him in every aspect and in all circumstances. The successive generations are born to the inevitable heritage of corruption, and when they pass away, they leave it to their

children. This is the abstract of Pollok's history of man. From the day when the flaming sword was planted over Paradise, to the day when the flaming chariot of the final Judge appeared, evil was constantly prevailing over good, with a most fearful preponderance.

Now the question arises, Is this the view for a poet to take of human nature? As a tenet of religion we do not meddle with it. The poet may believe that men really are those unlovely and polluted beings, which they are here represented to be; but, we ask, need he call in the aid of poetry, to strengthen the impression of their utter unworthiness? Should he not rather employ this divine instrument, to make them appear less odious than they are? When the sculptor throws drapery over his statue, it is to heighten the effect of the nobler lineaments, by concealing those which are least graceful. In like manner, why should not the poet cover the vices of human nature under the folds of fiction, that its virtue may appear more striking and beautiful? Let those, whose vocation calls them to it, uncover the human heart, and expose the base passions and low desires that inhabit there. But the poet lies under no such uncompromising obligation. He is not compelled to do it by his fealty to truth, for fiction is his lawful prerogative. He cannot be tempted to do it, by the agreeableness of the subject, for who can feel complacency in vilifying a nature which he himself shares? And if his aim, in such representations, be to affect powerfully the feelings of the reader, let him remember that in exciting ever so strongly the feelings of disgust and abhorrence, he only effects what the mere exhibition of any loathsome object would do in an equal degree. But, as we have already said, Pollok was in a measure forced, by the plan he had chosen to mark out for himself, to exhibit human nature under a dark and repulsive aspect. He had conceived, for the punishment of men, a hell replete with all imaginable horror. How creatures could deserve such torments, was the question which perplexed the stranger, for whose information this account of man was given. To resolve this doubt, men must be represented as altogether bad. As in the case of the torturing bed of Procrustes, the victims must be fitted to their place of torture; and this required no moderate share of moral turpitude. If men were a shade less vile than this poem paints them, they would deserve a milder hell than it has furnished for them. The only way, therefore,

in which, with a due regard to consistency, mankind could have been represented in a more amiable light, would have been to make their place of punishment less hideous.

We have ventured to express an opinion, that the dark side of human nature is not the one which the poet should contemplate. In the real world, human vices and infirmities must be encountered ; otherwise earth would become heaven. But in the ideal world, we would escape from their contaminating presence ; and by conversing with purer, holier, lovelier beings, than are to be found on earth, we would faintly anticipate the joys of the Christian's heaven. It is true that another kind of poetry than this requires, has of late been fashionable ; and it owes its popularity to the influence of one mighty but corrupted mind. Byron endeavored to be a misanthrope ; and with the exception of those brief intervals in which he forgot himself, and allowed the nobler part of his nature to triumph over the baser, he succeeded wonderfully well. He rails at human nature and his fellow creatures, as if he were in solemn earnest in his hatred ; and if we are to take his heroes as illustrations of what he conceived mankind to be, we should justify him for all his sneers and maledictions ; for most of them are very devils in miniature. But unless we greatly mistake, these heroes are fast ceasing to be favorites in the fashionable world ; and Byron himself begins to be judged by the qualities of his heart, as they are displayed in his works ; and thus, by a retaliation which he might have foreseen, he is now receiving back from the world some portion of that contempt, of which he was so profusely lavish. And this is chiefly, we suppose, to be ascribed to his misanthropy. The individual feels insulted in the abuse of his species. The maxim, *Nil de mortuis*, is in a measure overruled. Men are not willing to show mercy even to the memory of him, whose life was passed in vaunting his scorn for them. The praise they yield him is extorted praise, and while the lips pronounce it, the heart protests against it. The memory of other poets, of vastly inferior powers, is cherished with far more fondness than his, merely on account of their benevolent and philanthropic views of human nature. Because they never vilified mankind, but, on the contrary, made the world appear better than it is, their memory has left a grateful fragrance behind it. When they are eulogized, it is without reservation, for the heart responds to the decision of the head.

Having been thus led to speak of Byron, we shall quote a portion of Pollok's description of him, which occurs in the fourth book. It perhaps deserves to be designated as the most powerful passage in the '*Course of Time*.' Our limits will not permit us to give the whole of it.

'He touched his harp, and nations heard, entranced.
As some vast river of unfailing source,
Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flowed,
And opened new fountains in the human heart.
Where fancy halted, weary in her flight,
In other men, his, fresh as morning, rose,
And soared untrodden heights, and seemed at home,
Where angels bashful looked. Others, though great,
Beneath their argument seemed struggling whiles ;
He from above descending, stooped to touch
The loftiest thought ; and proudly stooped, as though
It scarce deserved his verse. With Nature's self
He seemed an old acquaintance, free to jest
At will with all her glorious majesty.
He laid his hand upon "the Ocean's mane,"
And played familiar with his hoary locks.
Stood on the Alps, stood on the Appennines,
And with the thunder talked, as friend to friend ;
And wove his garland of the lightning's wing,
In sportive twist—the lightning's fiery wing,
Which, as the footsteps of the dreadful God,
Marching upon the storm in vengeance seemed—
Then turned, and with the grasshopper, who sung
His evening song, beneath his feet, conversed.
Suns, moons, and stars, and clouds his sisters were ;
Rocks, mountains, meteors, seas, and winds, and storms,
His brothers—younger brothers, whom he scarce
As equals deemed. All passions of all men—
The wild and tame—the gentle and severe ;
All thoughts, all maxims, sacred and profane ;
All creeds ; all seasons, Time, Eternity ;
All that was hated, and all that was dear ;
All that was hoped, all that was feared by man,
He tossed about, as tempest, withered leaves,
Then smiling looked upon the wreck he made.
With terror now he froze the cowering blood ;
And now dissolved the heart in tenderness ;
Yet would not tremble, would not weep himself :
But back into his soul retired, alone,
Dark, sullen, proud ; gazing contemptuously

On hearts and passions prostrate at his feet ;
So ocean from the plains, his waves had late
To desolation swept, retired in pride,
Exulting in the glory of his might,
And seemed to mock the ruin he had wrought.

‘ As some fierce comet of tremendous size,
To which the stars did reverence as it passed ;
So he through learning, and through fancy took
His flight sublime ; and on the loftiest top
Of Fame’s dread mountain sat ; not soiled, and worn,
As if he from the earth had labored up ;
But as some bird of heavenly plumage fair,
He looked, which down from higher regions came,
And perched it there, to see what lay beneath.’

‘ Great man ! the nations gazed, and wondered much,
And praised : and many called his evil good.
Wits wrote in favor of his wickedness ;
And kings to do him honor took delight.
Thus full of titles, flattery, honor, fame ;
Beyond desire, beyond ambition full,—
He died—he died of what ? Of wretchedness.
Drank every cup of joy, heard every trump
Of fame ; drank early, deeply drank ; drank draughts
That common millions might have quenched—then died
Of thirst, because there was no more to drink.
His goddess, Nature, wooed, embraced, enjoyed,
Fell from his arms, abhorred ; his passions died ;
Died all but dreary solitary pride ;
And all his sympathies in being died.
As some ill-guided bark, well built and tall,
Which angry tides cast out on desert shore,
And then retiring, left it there to rot
And moulder in the winds and rains of heaven ;
So he, cut from the sympathies of life,
And cast ashore from pleasure’s boisterous surge—
A wandering, weary, worn, and wretched thing ;
Scorched, and desolate, and blasted soul ;
A gloomy wilderness of dying thought—
Repined, and groaned, and withered from the earth.’

pp. 112—115.

The description of man being finished, the bard approaches the awful subject of his final doom. Here he may well demand an angel’s lyre. The day of judgment, what mortal tongue can adequately sing ! The mind sinks under the over-

whelming sublimity of the idea. The assembling of the universe, the breaking up of nature, the countless retinue of angels, the blazing throne of judgment, and, last of all, the Judge himself; where is the language competent to such ideas! Yet Pollok has fearlessly approached them; and, it must be owned, has combined noble elements in the description. The morning of the last day dawned like that of other days. The sun moved upward in his golden path, without omen of change. All the tribes of men are represented as commencing, secure and unapprehensive, their accustomed employments. All this part of the description, being that of least difficulty, is executed unexceptionably. The picture is crowded, but yet the objects are distinct and vivid. But now comes the trial of the poet's strength. An angel in the midst of heaven has *sworn, that time shall be no more*. How shall the wreck of nature be described? The sun extinguished in his mid career; trees withered in their bloom; birds struck lifeless in their flight; rivers stayed in their rapid course; the tides of the ocean stopped; consternation seizing all the living, and earth and ocean yielding up their unnumbered dead; and then, when all the sons of men are brought together, the consummation of all things by the irrevocable sentence; the wicked driven to everlasting woe, the righteous conducted to the throne of God;—these are the closing topics of the poem. But if the reader has ever attempted to form to himself an image of this solemn winding up of the human drama, we fear he will be disappointed here. For the ideas are too vast and lofty to be expressed by words. In the mind, they rise and swell into undefinable magnitude and sublimity. But to clothe them in language would be like bounding infinitude. Strong language as this poet has made use of, we doubt not that the images existing in his own mind, were tenfold more vivid, and the conceptions immeasurably more grand, than they appear in his verse. And when he looked upon his work, and saw his thoughts thus narrowed down to the limited dimensions of the medium through which he must transmit them, we doubt not that he felt a painful consciousness, how poorly and impotently they represented what was at the moment passing before his imagination. Let us not be thought visionary or mystical in what we are saying. We speak of a fact, of the truth of which every man may find evidence in his own experience. Who has not been conscious of thoughts and feelings, which he could

not by any possibility express fully and perfectly to another? Words might convey some faint intimation of what they were, but their depth, their fulness, their integrity could not be communicated. Nor is this matter of regret. On the contrary, we rejoice that the mind is capable of thoughts, which nothing but consciousness can measure. All human modes of communication must have limits; but in the unutterable, the incommunicable emotions of the soul, we discern glorious evidence of its immortal nature.

We shall close this article by citing the following description of the Ocean, where summoned to cease the heaving of its billows and render up its dead. We ought not, however, to allow the passage to pass without a protest against the ungrammatical form of the second person singular.

‘Great Ocean too, that morning, thou the call
Of restitution heardst, and reverently
To the last trumpet’s voice in silence listened!
Great Ocean! strongest of creation’s sons!
Unconquerable, unreposed, untired;
That rolled the wild, profound, eternal bass,
In Nature’s anthem, and made music, such
As pleased the ear of God. Original,
Unmarred, unfaded work of Deity;
And unburlesqued by mortal’s puny skill.
From age to age enduring and unchanged;
Majestical, inimitable, vast,
Loud uttering satire day and night on each
Succeeding race, and little pompous work
Of man. Unfallen, religious, holy sea!
Thou bowedst thy glorious head to none, fearedst none,
Heardst none, to none didst honor, but to God
Thy Maker—only worthy to receive
Thy great obeisance. Undiscovered sea!
Into thy dark, unknown, mysterious caves,
And secret haunts, unfathomably deep,
Beneath all visible retired, none went,
And came again, to tell the wonders there.
Tremendous sea! what time thou lifted up
Thy waves on high, and with thy winds and storms
Strange pastime took, and shook thy mighty sides
Indignantly—the pride of navies fell;
Beyond the arm of help, unheard, unseen,
Sunk friend and foe, with all their wealth and war;
And on thy shores, men of a thousand tribes,

Polite and barbarous, trembling stood, amazed,
 Confounded, terrified; and thought vast thoughts
 Of ruin, boundlessness, omnipotence,
 Infinitude, eternity; and thought,
 And wondered still, and grasped, and grasped, and grasped
 Again—beyond her reach exerting all
 The soul to take thy great idea in,
 To comprehend incomprehensible;
 And wondered more, and felt their littleness.
 Self-purifying, unpolluted sea!
 Lover unchangeable! thy faithful breast
 For ever heaving to the lovely moon,
 That like a shy and holy virgin, robed
 In saintly white, walked nightly in the heavens,
 And to thy everlasting serenade
 Gave gracious audience; nor was wooed in vain.
 That morning, thou, that slumbered not before,
 Nor slept, great Ocean! laid thy waves to rest,
 And hushed thy mighty minstrelsy. No breath
 Thy deep composure stirred, no fin, no oar;
 Like beauty newly dead, so calm, so still,
 So lovely, thou, beneath the light that fell
 From angel-chariots sentineled on high,
 Reposed, and listened, and saw thy living change,
 Thy dead arise.’

pp. 195—197.

ART. V.—1. *Proceedings and Fourteenth Annual Report of the Board of Managers of the Baptist General Convention, at their meeting held in New York, April, 1828.*

2. *A Discourse on the Occasion of Forming the African Mission School Society, delivered in Christ Church in Hartford, Conn. on Sunday Evening, Aug. 10, 1828.* By J. M. WAINWRIGHT, D. D., Rector of Grace Church, New York. Hartford, 1828.

WE have perused these publications with the interest that belongs to the cause of missions, and missionary achievement. And we make use of the occasion to call the attention of our readers to a subject of increased, and increasing importance, to a large and respectable portion of the community; we allude to the efforts which have been made for the spread of